

7.30 to 10.0—Miss Clifford presiding. "Home Work": (a) as it affects Women. (b) as it affects Children.—Papers by Miss Irwin (Glasgow), Mrs. Hogg; Discussion opened by Mrs. Reeves (New Zealand), Miss Ashwell (Manchester), Miss March Phillipps, the Lady Knightley of Fawsley (Fawsley Park, Daventry).

8.30 to 9.30—Meeting for young ladies engaged in business. How to make use of leisure, holidays, and times of recreation.

THIRD DAY.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27TH.

10.0—Devotional Meeting. In the Rest Room.

10.30 to 1.0—Mrs. Alfred Booth presiding.

Annual Meeting of the National Council of Women of Great Britain and Ireland (formerly known as the General Committee of the N.U.W.W.).

2.30 to 3.30—Mrs. Alfred Booth presiding.

Continuation of the Annual Meeting of the National Council.

3.30 to 4.45—"The Amenities of Life," Paper by Lady Battersea.

4.45.—Paper by Miss Lidgett. Address by the President. Votes of thanks.

5.0.—The President and Secretary of the N.U.W.W. will speak on the practical work of the branches of the Union. Discussion will follow.

In the evening there will be a reception by the kind invitation of the Mayor and Mayoress to all holders of season tickets, in St. Andrew's Hall, at 8 o'clock.

FOURTH DAY.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28TH.

10.0—Devotional Meeting. In the Rest Room.

10.30—Mrs. Alfred Booth presiding.

Rescue Workers' Conference. Admission by Special Ticket, Free, to be had in the Inquiry Room. No Papers will be read at this Meeting. Subjects previously decided upon will be dealt with.

3.0—Service in Norwich Cathedral. Preacher—The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Norwich.

It is well-known that the Queen thoroughly enjoys a cosy cup of tea, and she has just had plans prepared for a number of dainty little tea-houses which are to be erected during the coming winter in the grounds and on the more extended drives about Balmoral. Spots with lovely views of the mountains and of the River Dee have been chosen by the Queen herself, and on these they will be built. Each will have a "parlour," a dressing-room, and a tiny kitchen. The walls are to be lined with pine wood from the forests about, and the roofs are to be quaintly thatched with heather and fastened with bands of the sinewy birch tree. The cottages will be finished in May.

When a Burmese husband and wife decide to separate the woman goes out and buys two little candles of equal length, which are made especially for this use. She brings them home. She and her husband sit down on the floor, and placing the candles between them light them simultaneously. One candle stands for her, the other for him. The one whose candle goes out first rises and goes out of the house for ever, with nothing but what he or she may have on. The one whose candle has survived the longer time, even by a second, takes everything. So the divorce and division of the property, if one can call that a division, are settled.

A Book of the Week.

"THE DAY'S WORK."*

We have many of us heard from our grandfathers what a glory used to shine upon the earth when the glad news went forth that Dickens or Thackeray had published a new volume. Not less do our hearts bound within us when we hear of a fresh volume from the master hand of our modern idol.

The stories in "The Day's Work" are not new—that is to say, they have mostly appeared in magazines or papers; but Kipling never wrote a line that was not worthy to be preserved and shined in volume form.

The sole complaint one has to make of him is, that he informs himself so perfectly on every subject on which he writes, that he sometimes becomes too technical for the ordinary lay intelligence. It is really impossible for anyone, not an engineer, to understand the autobiography of a locomotive which he entitles "007."

Then one ought, by rights, to be a shipbuilder to enter into the true inwardness of "The Ship that found herself," and a polo-pony to grasp the full delights of the struggle and victory of "The Maltese Cat."

These stories, as also the Sunday afternoon conversation of horses on a Yankee farm are, in a sense, all allegories on the theme which Rudyard Kipling was born into the world to preach and teach—the absolute necessity of law, the beauty of the workings of law, the need of discipline and subjection and probation, the eternal fitness and righteousness of the Corporate life, in sentient and non-sentient things. It is a great lesson, and one which we are like to forget in the present day, somewhat as the Romans forgot it in the days of the mighty empire's decay. The discourse of the yellow Kansas horse on the inalienable rights of horses not to work and to have double allowance of oats, is particularly amusing.

The stories that are about people are in his usual trenchant vein. "William the Conqueror" is fine, as an example of the work that the English put in during a famine season in India; but, as a story, it is somewhat lame, and lags behind his usual brilliance, though "William" herself is a woman that all women will delight in—a woman such as we know to exist by the thousand at present in the English nation—intrepid, resourceful, enduring, and full of the feminine graces no less.

But to my mind, the gem of the collection is the last story in the book, "The Brushwood Boy."

This is a story with the queer mystic streak in it which Kipling worked so admirably in his extraordinary effort, "The Finest Story in the World": which was, perhaps, on the whole, the tale that made most impression on my mind of any short story I ever read.

That was the idea of re-incarnation. This is a tale of a boy and girl who met once, in their childhood, for a few minutes, and met again in dreams through their childhood and youth until, when grown up, they met again in the flesh, knowing each other intimately.

The boy—who performs the whole duty of man by going into the army—is an excellent study, sketched in a manner so altogether masterly, that it would be bewildering, did not one know the power of his creator of old, so that we are getting used to the trenchant

* "The Day's Work." By Rudyard Kipling. Macmillan.

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